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THE  
HISTORY OF THE CHURCH,  
A POEM.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

BALTIMORE:

M D C C C X L I.



THE  
HISTORY OF THE CHURCH,  
A POEM:

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

READ BEFORE THE

Diagnothian Society of Marshall College,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY, JULY 5, 1841.

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The History of the Church.

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N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

SIR,—The members of the Diagnothian Literary Society tender you their thanks for the appropriate Poem with which you favored them this afternoon ; and respectfully request a copy of it for publication.

Very respectfully, yours,

JOHN CESSNA,  
H. A. MISH,  
P. NEGLEY, } Committee.

MARSHALL COLLEGE, July 5, 1841.

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MERCERSBURG, PA. July 6, 1841.

GENTLEMEN,

To the careful reader of the Sacred Volume, it must be obvious, that the different dispensations were designed to shadow forth, introduce, and illustrate those by which they were succeeded ; and that the principal personages, events, and institutions, were all of a typical nature. The attempt to record the history of these things, and trace, at the same time, their analogies, it is possible, may not come within the scope of a regular poem. However this may be, I cannot flatter myself, that in the present composition, which is merely an outline of what I intend, I have presented the subject with any considerable degree of success. Still, though prudence may suggest a different course, I do not feel at liberty to withhold from your society, the Poem, which, however imperfect, is properly subject to any disposition which you may be pleased to make of it.

Very respectfully, yours,

N. C. BROOKS.

To Messrs.

JOHN CESSNA,  
H. A. MISH,  
P. NEGLEY, } Committee.

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The History of the Church.

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## THE HISTORY.

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T H E

H I S T O R Y   O F   T H E   C H U R C H .

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WHEN first upon the gaze of youthful time  
Creation rose in all its virgin prime,  
When every element, with beauty rife,  
With health was teeming and instinct with life;  
While every air was balm, and gale perfume,  
With skies all brightness, and the earth all bloom,  
In Eden's flowery arbors, God displayed  
All beauties of the sunlight and the shade;  
As if to blend all charms his hand on earth had made.

There vine-clad vale and incense-bearing mound,  
And bowers Elysian shed their fragrance round;  
Lawns bask in light,—in gloom uprise the woods,  
And mossy grottoes echo chrystal floods  
That murmur over sands of gold, and run  
Now brown with shades, now glittering in the sun:

Ambrosial trees their buds and fruits unfold  
In silver flowers and vegetable gold,  
Perennial plants their pulpy treasures spread,  
Like rubies gleaming 'mid the leaves o'erhead.  
And odorous shrubs shed down their balmy tears,  
Whene'er the listening grove the sighing night-wind hears.

Amid these haunts disport the bestial train  
Beneath the trees, or on the bright campaign,  
Birds warble 'mid the bosage, and illume  
The dark green shades with purple tuft and plume;  
While spangled insects their light wings display,  
And glance and glitter in the noontide ray.  
And Lord of all,—the image of his God,  
With brow erect, man these fair regions trod—  
In power and happiness supremely blest—  
Angels his ministers, and God his guest;  
And prayer and praise like breath of incense rose  
At morning's call and dewy evening's close;  
And transports hallowed each returning sun,  
Of that blest day which saw Creation's work was done.

Thus naked innocence and guiltless love  
Were the pure tenants of the hallowed grove,  
Earth's carpet trod by day embossed with flowers,  
Or pressed the star-lit couch of roseate bowers;  
While white wings waved above them as they slept,  
And cherub sentinels their vigils kept.

Here might have glided on their blissful lot,  
Where God's own hand had garnished every spot;  
And here they might have soul and sense refined  
For nearer converse with th' Eternal MIND;  
And, all the pains of age and death unknown,  
Translated from their earthly spheres, have shone  
Bright stars of glory 'round JEHOVAH's burning throne.  
But soon the Tempter came, and brooding doom  
Now cast its shadowy pall o'er Eden's bloom;  
The earth received sin's wound with sudden groan,  
And conscious Nature shuddered on her throne;  
Astonished seraphs shrunk aghast with fears,  
Their faces veiled and shed immortal tears.

And now the direful reign of woe began,  
And ruin through all nature's pulses ran :  
The odors that exhaled life-giving breath,  
To poisons turned, were drugged with scented death ;  
Beasts, birds, fish, insects now dissolve in rage  
The bonds of peace, and in wild strife engage ;  
The elements in placid beauty blent,  
Together war by ruffian discord rent ;  
The maddened winds their wildest fury wake ;  
The tempest storms firm earth's foundations shake ;  
Involving gloom the blackening heavens enshrouds,  
And lurid lightnings cleave the solid clouds ;  
Sphere-shaken comets through the tracts of air  
Rush wild, and toss their long dishevelled hair ;

Seas roar, earth trembles, and volcanic fire  
The mountains light as if for Nature's funeral pyre.

But darker gloom than o'er creation spread,  
And wilder horror and intenser dread  
Convulsed the bosoms of the fallen pair,  
With pangs of guilt, confusion and despair.  
A change stole o'er them and they felt within  
The war of passion and the reign of sin;  
The chords attuned to melody, unstrung,  
In their torn hearts with notes discordant rung;  
And o'er their cheeks the fitful color came,  
'Till now nor blanched with fear nor crimsoned o'er with  
shame.

Where late they moved in sinless joy—the aisles  
All flowers beneath, and God above in smiles.  
They read, amid its early-faded bloom,  
The shadowy portents of impending doom;  
And horror-stricken raised their shuddering eyes  
From ruined earth to the dark threatening skies.  
And from heaven's gaze, in vain, to hide essayed.  
Their conscious guilt amid the thickest shade.

Now Heaven's great sire, whose face was smiles alone,  
With brow severe sat on his judgment throne;  
And to the self-condemned announced the reign  
Of sin and toil—of sorrow and of pain.

And death—when life's pale fires shall cease to burn ;  
“Lo ! dust thou art ; to dust thou shalt return !”  
While in his sentence the great covenant-head  
The fate of all his future offspring read,  
And saw the earth, which God had made so rife  
With all that ministered to health and life,  
To every being that drew vital breath,  
Become a home of pain, a charnel-house of death.

But as the rainbow clothes with light the storm,  
Fair Mercy Justice clad in milder form ;  
And promise gave to gild with hope the gloom  
Of the sad exiles’ pathway to the tomb :  
For he announced, amid their doom of dread,  
The promised seed to bruise the serpent’s head ;  
That hell should conquer, man from ruin save,  
And make the very chambers of the grave  
A passage to a fairer Paradise,  
Of endless bloom, beyond the starry skies.

And type of him who life by death should win,  
And by his blood cleanse from the stains of sin.  
A spotless lamb he took, and sprinkled round  
Its sacrificial blood upon the ground ;  
Upon a rudely-fashioned altar laid  
The body of the bleeding victim—bade  
The heaven-descending fire its flesh consume  
And upward roll its savory perfume ;

Then with its fleecy skin, from shame and storms,  
He girt the trembling suppliants' naked forms,  
While peace and pardon through their conscience stole,  
And clothed their inward nakedness of soul.

And at the eastern portal, where upcurled  
The primal holocaust of our lost world,  
Where o'er the mercy-seat, the cherubim  
Those faces veiled to which the sun was dim;  
By that rude altar of the flowery sod,  
Where man was suppliant, and the priest was God,  
The eternal FATHER sprinkled o'er with blood  
The sire of men, as sanctified he stood,  
Breathed heavenly aspirations in his soul,  
And o'er his shoulders threw the sacred stole,  
Bound on the ephod, and upon his head  
The holy oil of consecration shed,  
And made him priest of God, by sacrifice  
To point earth's wanderers to their native skies:  
Then from the earth, beyond the vaulted blue,  
Up to the empyrean heaven of heavens withdrew;  
Yet 'mid the arch the cherub-pinions made,  
The glorious Shechinah he displayed,  
God's spirit-presence to the human race,  
Who erst in form with man held converse, face to face.

Thus mercy soothed the wounds that sin had made,  
And Hope the lonely wanderers' spirits stayed,

When, bowed by memories, and oppressed by fears,  
They turned upon their home with many tears  
Their parting gaze, and saw behind them burn  
The sword all wavy that forbade return.

No more to walk in Eden's goodly shade,  
Where once with angel visitants he strayed;  
No more to rest within ambrosial bowers,  
Where angel voices charmed the listening hours;  
No more to pass its sacred bounds again,  
The father, prophet, priest and king of men  
Went forth from all the blooming beauties round  
Which sin had forfeited, to till the ground,  
To people earth, the rod of empire sway,  
And lead a ruined world to realms of endless day.

Beside the altar hallowed of the **LORD**  
At Eden's gate their orisons were poured;  
And there the weary exile came from toil,  
Where his wrung brow with sweat bedewed the soil,  
With spouse and sons before the cherubim  
To offer praise and chant the vesper hymn;  
There holy rites with Sabbath days returned,  
And there with victims annual altars burned  
For priestly sire and those to whom his bosom yearned.

And the two children by the patriarch's side,  
Heaven's two great future covenants typified;

The first-born, stern of soul and fierce in look,  
Prefigured that whose thunders Sinai shook;  
The second, meek and gentle as the dove,  
CHRIST's law foretold, the law of peace and love:  
With carnal confidence in works, the first  
The offerings tendered of an earth accursed;  
The second, by the righteousness of faith,  
The bleeding victim brought, type of the Saviour's death.

As yet no pectoral the high priest wore,  
Nor URIM yet nor sacred THUMMIM bore  
With prescient oracles for man's desire,  
But GOD himself responses gave by fire;  
And when they stood, his holy altar round,  
The shepherd meek, and tiller of the ground,  
With fruits, and firstlings of the flock, to see  
Whose should the sovereignty and priesthood be,  
The approving signal, heaven-descending, came,  
And pious Abel's offering lit with flame;  
While Cain's dark face in sullen anger fell,  
And in his bosom raged the fires of hell.

Jealous to see the younger was preferred  
And all the sacerdotal rights transferred,  
The first-born smote the son of second birth,  
And fled from GOD a wanderer o'er the earth.  
Thus Israel, first-born of the LORD, was moved  
With jealous hate against heaven's "well beloved;"

Thus raged to see the priestly office o'er  
Where Aaron's sons the robe and censer bore;  
Thus slew with murderous hands the son of God,  
And outcast wanderers became abroad;  
No more to visit Zion's hill again—  
Their name a by-word and reproach of men.

Ah! who could picture the heart-rending woes  
That soul and sense of the sad parents froze  
Upon that day when sin's first victim died,  
Earth-stricken by the ruthless fratricide;  
And in one hour, reft of both sons they stood,  
One steeped in guilt—the other steeped in blood.  
Years rolled away. Around the patriarch's side  
A numerous offspring rose, in beauty's pride;  
Fair sons, fond husbands and confiding brothers—  
Chaste wives, reverent daughters and kind mothers—  
The sons of God in bands of human love,  
And by religion linked to heaven above;  
Their days of toil with innocence were blest,  
Their nights of slumber crowned with peaceful rest;  
Life's path with gentle slope approached the tomb,  
Where lamp of holy Hope dispelled the gathering gloom.

But other were the scenes, where the abhorred  
Of man, went from the presence of the Lord;  
And bearing with him, wheresoe'er he trod,  
Upon his front, the festering brand of God,

As a memorial of the blood he spilt,  
Reared daughters up for shame and sons for guilt.  
Nor morning orison, nor evening prayer,  
Nor song of praise, nor Sabbath rest was there,  
Nor priest, nor consecrated altar-stone;  
GOD was alike unhonored and unknown.  
Unfelt were all the sympathies that bind  
In union both the body and the mind;  
Cain's hate, and Lamech's lewdness poison shed  
Upon life's stream, e'en at its fountain head;  
Rude Violence trod Justice to the dust,  
Love's holy empire was usurped by Lust;  
And human passion poured its headlong tide  
Of guilt through every breast unsanctified.

With tireless pinions Time o'er ages swept,  
Within their graves the early patriarchs slept,  
And the pure fame their virtues left behind,  
And holy counsels, faded from the mind :  
The sire of men—the son for Abel given—  
Enos that poured his soul in prayer to heaven;  
And he, who, when JEHOVAH's footsteps bowed  
The heavens, and glory lit each kindling cloud,  
With the omnipotent GOD walked, and “was not,”  
Were gone and all their pious deeds forgot.

In vain called morn and eve for praise and prayer,  
Nor thankful heart, nor anxious breast was there;

In vain Sabbath days and years returned,  
No bosom kindled, and no altar burned:  
The sons of God no more remembered him  
Who dwelt in flame between the cherubim,  
But wandering from his presence sought to win  
Bliss for heaven's loss within the tents of sin,  
Where the dark eyes wanton, and the bosoms swell  
Of Tubal's daughters unto Jubal's shell.

And from the union rose a giant brood  
That joyed in lust and blasphemy and blood:  
To God before the altar lit with flame,  
To consecrate her child, no mother came;  
Nor hallowed with her pious prayers its rest  
Upon love's holy shrine—a mother's breast;  
But infant lips were fashioned to guilt's theme,  
And learned, while yet they lisped, to wanton and blaspheme.

Amid spontaneous crime inventive skill  
Taxed all its powers to minister to ill;  
There Jubal's harp, that should with sweet control  
Have fired devotion or becalmed the soul,  
Where sped the dance, awoke unholy lust;  
Or pealed the charge where War trod legions to the dust.  
And he whose skill, with life-preserving care,  
For stubborn earth formed pruning-hook and share,  
Preferred to forge the morion and the shield  
And spear and sword, to strew with dead the battle-field.

Pollution spread her empire there, till crimes  
Alone filled up the annals of the times :  
Love, spotless Truth, and dove-eyed Mercy fled,  
Hate, Fraud and dark-browed Vengeance came instead ;  
Its fiery dew o'er earth the wine-cup rained ;  
And brazen Blasphemy the heavens profaned ;  
Injustice smote the weak, and Rapine tore  
The widow's and the orphan's scanty store ;  
Ambition bore his flag o'er field and flood,  
Till every plain and sea was red with blood ;  
Nor love, nor pity, passion's empire stayed,  
Where wantoned Lust, War raged, and Murder preyed  
On gore, till earth one wide aceldama was made.

Amid this moral night one star alone  
Through the thick heaven-involving darkness shone,  
The son of Lamech, who, while all profaned,  
The worship of his fathers' God maintained ;  
Saw in the smoke of every sacrifice  
The pledge renewed of pardon from the skies ;  
By stern rebuke the scoffers he repressed,  
And by the virtues of his pious breast,  
Recalled the wanderers back to God with tears.  
And now in vain sought to alarm their fears ;  
As, in a strain of prophecy sublime,  
He raised the veil that curtained future time,  
And thus disclosed, extended in mid air,  
The arm omnipotent, for vengeance bare.

But all in vain the patriarch preacher's power,  
For pleasure calls them to her rosy bower ;  
Still in the wanton dance their footsteps fall,  
Where music lures them with her siren call ;  
Still o'er the wassail feast that sin has spread,  
Their baleful light the purple wine-cups shed ;  
And mirth and joy in silken tresses bind  
The captive senses and bewildered mind.

Men, in whose breasts the light of reason burned.  
At ruin mocked, and proffered refuge spurned,  
While bird and beast, by sacred instinct taught,  
Prescient of ill the timely shelter sought :  
Within the ark did lamb and lion meet,  
And kidlings sported at the leopard's feet.  
And then the prophet and his household came,  
Led by that shadowy and mysterious flame  
Disclosed at Eden when defiled by sin :  
And the ark's closing portals shut them in.

Where'er feet trod, pollution stained the land ;  
But now earth's fearful baptism was at hand,  
And God himself stood at the font to pour  
The purifying wave its regions o'er.  
Bright rose earth's final morning, but the sun  
Retired, his disk obscured by shadows dun,  
That spread, and blending with night's coming gloom  
Enwrapped the heavens as in the pall of doom ;

And while the muttering thunders rolled o'erhead  
The shuddering nations stood aghast with dread.  
Then burst the stooping clouds—above—around—  
And down the torrents rushed upon the ground;  
The swelling rivers leaped their barriers o'er,  
The maddened lakes assailed the peaceful shore,  
Loud broke the thunder peal and moaned the gale;  
And, as the waters raised Destruction's wail,  
O'er tempest and the war of wind and waves  
Came the dread cry of those engulfed in watery graves.

As sunless morn succeeded starless night,  
Still raged the storm—still spread the waters' might;  
Heaven's opened windows all their fury woke,  
The fountains of the mighty deep were broke.  
Where green savannahs spread their level plain  
Rolled the white billows of the foaming main;  
And borne through forests, crashed among the trees  
The dread Leviathan of nether seas.

The hills were gone; and up each mountain side,  
Where climbed earth's thousands, rose the threatening tide;  
The mountains were submerged—their chains entombed  
With all their myriads of human doomed;  
And, one by one, the peaks that pierced the cloud,  
Beneath the waves their haughty foreheads bowed,  
Until the last the swelling surge broke o'er,  
And round the buried world rolled ocean without shore.

The thunders ceased—the lightning and the rain—  
The waters sank—the mountains rose again,  
The tempest-laden clouds were rolled away,  
O'er the sad gloom broke forth the light of day,  
And in her beak the weary dove now bore  
The olive branch that spake the deluge o'er.  
And he, who long by wind and wave was tossed.  
Both orphan of the world that had been lost,  
And of the renovated world the sire,  
Stood with his children round the altar pyre.

As he invoked the dread omnific name,  
From heaven descended the consuming flame;  
From out the midst, where rose the altar smoke,  
The voice of **DEITY**, in mercy spoke,  
And joined with him, in covenant of grace,  
The second father of the human race,  
Whom **God**, to people vacant earth designed,  
And spread abroad the empire of the mind;  
As streaming o'er his bow of peace, the while,  
Enkindled earth and heaven with its forgiving smile.

The patriarch and prophet of the flood,  
Great human link between two worlds thus stood;  
And in his offspring, shadowed covenants three,  
One that had been—two covenants yet to be.  
The son dishonoring his father's name,  
Showed Eden's law, and Adam's naked shame;

The pious two, who cast a mantle o'er,  
The law and gospel hastening to restore :  
The sentence of Ham's servitude and toil,  
Showed Adam's fate, when doomed to till the soil ;  
And Shem rejoicing in the **LORD** his **God**,  
The priestly rule of Heber's race foreshowed ;  
While Japheth dwelling in the tents of Shem,  
The Gentiles with the priestly robe and diadem.

Years fled away. Far rolled the human tide,  
And wickedness and folly multiplied ;  
And they that dwelt where spread the simple tent  
Its covering folds beneath the firmament,  
With pride now sought, like earth's first builder, Cain,  
To found a city upon Shinar's plain,  
And rear a tower whose top the cloud-robed heavens should  
gain.

Though **God** had promulgated his command  
To spread o'er earth—though o'er the clouds his hand  
In rainbow glory wrote the promise still,  
Their hearts perverse withheld his holy will,  
Discredited his ever-during word,  
And by the pride of mad ambition stirred,  
Essayed in vain to raise the turret high,  
That should the waves of sea and time defy.  
Bind all their tribes in one, and hand their name  
In peerless glory down to the remotest fame.

But **God** beheld in anger and went down,  
And all the heavens were darkened at his frown;  
The mighty pile rocked to its solid base,  
Fear shook each bosom of the guilty race;  
And as the tongue gave utterance to despair,  
Dire was the tumult and confusion there,  
Where each stood wondering at the other's tone,  
Yet startled more whene'er he heard his own;  
And for that speech which **God** in Eden chose  
For man, a thousand jargon dialects arose.

The terror-stricken exiles fled afar,  
And pitched their wandering tents beneath each star  
Which rose o'er earth's wide regions and the isles,  
That dimple o'er the ocean's cheek with smiles.  
But though the tribes a varied homage paid,  
And incense burned to gods their hands had made;  
Though offerings to the sun and moon were given,  
And hands were kissed to every star in heaven;  
To **God OMNIPOTENT** who formed them all,  
Few were the altar pyres, and faint the prayerful call.

Then from Chaldean Ur, where incense rolled,  
From every idol mount, its cloud-like fold,  
A man of **God** was called, who had been found  
Faithful where all beside were faithless round;  
To make a covenant of faith and grace;  
And be the father of a chosen race,

In whom eternal love should stand confessed,  
And all the nations of the earth be blessed.  
The covenant then was ratified by blood,  
An earnest of the promised heavenly good;  
And circumcision made the mystic sign  
Of future ransom by the blood divine.

He left, obedient to divine command,  
His home and kindred for a foreign land;  
And Hebron's vale and Moreh's smoking fane,  
God's promise and his faith renewed again;  
And in night visions spoke to him the **Lord**,  
"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."  
From Mamre's plain he bade him lift his eyes,  
And count his offspring in the starry skies;  
There, as thick clouds a veil of horror cast,  
A burning lamp, a smoking furnace passed;  
And as the altar pyre its incense reared,  
Before him the **ALMIGHTY GOD** appeared,  
And for an everlasting portion gave the land,  
E'en from the reedy Nile to dark Euphrates' strand.

Morn broke o'er Sodom's vale, and shadows dun  
Spread blackening o'er the new uprisen sun,  
Till, from the zenith to the horizon rolled,  
They wrapped the heavens within their sable fold.  
As fiercely stalking on red Ruin came,  
With eye of terror, and with breath of flame,

Dense rose the vapors round—the meteor's glare  
Shed its broad terrors o'er the startled air;  
And at his giant tread the firm earth reeled,  
The lightnings quivered, and the thunders pealed.  
Then from the stooping clouds the burning rain,  
In sheeted blaze, burst on the smoking plain;  
The fiery hail smote the doomed homes of man;  
From roof to roof the living thunder ran;  
And fiercely rolled the flames, where dome and tower  
Crashed down beneath the bolt's resistless power.

Dread Vengeance poured that flood—no rainbow's form  
Shone 'mid the terrors of the fiery storm;  
Redoubled by auxiliar flames beneath  
The tempest swept, fanned by the whirlwind's breath;  
Till city, forest, plain and verdant sod  
Smoked in the censer of the wrath of God;  
And wrapt in winding sheet of fire, were laid  
Within the yawning grave, the giant earthquake made.

While o'er corruption fell the vengeful flame,  
To faith and virtue, grace and mercy came,  
The **OMNIPOTENT** upon his servant smiled.  
And crowned his age with the long-promised child.  
From his own loins, the hoary patriarch saw  
Two covenant types—of gospel and of law;  
And with obedience rendered back to heaven  
The children who to active faith were given—

Left to the care of God, 'mid deserts, one,  
And on the altar laid the heir and promised son.

Slow toiling up Moriah's steep sublime,  
Where temple altars smoked in after-time,  
And sank beneath his cross the Son of God,  
The victim bore the sacrificial wood;  
And like a lamb before his shearers dumb,  
Upon the pile bowed to the fate to come;  
While Abraham stood beside the altar there;  
With solemn brow, and spirit wrapt in prayer,  
Till o'er his wounded heart grace shed a balm,  
And though the father yearned—the priest was calm—  
Then raised the steel, with half-averted eyes,  
To pour to heaven the blood of sacrifice;  
And aimed the blow, when on his startled ear  
The voice of God thrilled—"Abraham! forbear!"  
The knife fell harmless—tears of gratitude,  
In copious flow, the patriarch's cheeks bedewed;  
And sire and son, with holy fervor, prayed  
Around the fire, the substituted victim made.

When Abraham, full of years, had sunk to rest,  
God, for the father's sake, his offspring blest;  
And that his seed should be in multitude  
E'en as the stars, his pledge again renewed.  
Two sons, the fathers of two nations, came  
From Isaac's loins, the promises to claim:

The elder, like the first-born of earth's sire,  
Stern, proud, resentful, and of quenchless ire;  
The younger, like earth's primal shepherd, mild,  
Meek as the flock he fed upon the wild;  
Both, in their own peculiar natures, made  
Of future covenants a typic shade,  
And destined, in their history, to prove  
The Law made subject to the Gospel's love.

When mists of age had dimmed the patriarch's sight,  
Heaven shed upon his soul prophetic light;  
And to his son he gave, of second birth,  
The dews of heaven and fatness of the earth;  
And bade his brethren bow, and homage pay;  
And tribes and nations reverence and obey.  
Type of the second covenant, called to roam,  
The fearful Jacob left his early home,  
His only stay, as the far waste he trod,  
His staff, sire's blessing, and the care of God.

Where slept the wanderer when the sun was set,  
And the night dews his weary temples wet,  
The stone his pillow, the cold earth his bed,  
His covering tent the starry skies o'erhead,  
The heavens were opened—angels bent in love;  
And God looked down, in mercy, from above,  
And gave to him and to his seed, for aye,  
The land in which the houseless exile lay.

The God of Bethel heard the covenant there,  
Of him that poured the oil and holy prayer;  
Was with the wanderer, in Haran's field,  
A great reward—at Mizpah's stone, a shield—  
At Mahanaim, where the angels came;  
And Penuel, where his virtue won a name;  
And from his wanderings on a foreign plain,  
Brought him to hail his father's tent again;  
With flocks and herds and sons, to numbers grown,  
O'er Jordan which he passed with scrip and staff alone.

As Ishmael reared twelve princes of proud fame,  
From Isaac's loins as many patriarchs came:  
The sons of Jacob, Heaven's peculiar care,  
The mace and censer were designed to bear,  
In that great polity of rigid **Law**,  
Where Justice poised the scales—the sword did draw;  
And types were of the apostolic band  
Who bore the words of life, from land to land;  
And spread the empire of eternal **Grace**,  
In which meek Mercy folded Justice in embrace.

The younger son, born when his sire was old,  
In envious hate for “silver pieces” sold,  
Brought to his famine-wasted brethren, bread,  
And laid in foreign soil his dying head,  
Till, when the bondage of his brethren closed,  
His limbs within the promised land reposed.

So Christ, the well-beloved, born in full time,  
Was hated by his brethren without crime ;  
Thus sold for gain, thus slain through jealous strife,  
To murderous brethren, brought the bread of life,  
And rested in the grave, till, ransom o'er,  
He sought the heavenly Canaan, where he dwelt before.

When shades of death to dim his sight begin,  
Immortal light floods Jacob's soul within ;  
His prescient eye pierces Time's dark profound,  
And scans the fates of those assembled round—  
The curse of Simeon—Joseph's rising hour—  
Gad's fame, and lion-hearted Judah's power ;  
Then, like the sleep of flowers at evening's close,  
The patriarch's lids are folded in repose,  
His weary head declines upon his breast  
And his earth-laden spirit sinks to rest.

Time passed, and Joseph met the human lot  
And slept, his faithful services forgot :  
From Pharaoh's throne, in ruthless power arrayed,  
His iron mace, a foreign despot swayed ;  
And Israel's sons with spirits crushed and broke,  
Their necks submitted to oppression's yoke ;  
To wicked power and lawless force a prey,  
With toil and wrong were wasted day by day ;  
Till e'en the soil, as from its refluent flood,  
Was rich with sweat, and mothers' tears, and infants' blood.

Illustrious type of Him who comes to break  
Sin's thraldom, and its mighty empire shake,  
The Gospel found, and lead his ransomed band  
O'er death's cold Jordan, to the heavenly land;  
Lo! Israel your Deliverer now appears,  
To end your bondage and to dry your tears:  
Escaped the perils of the wave and sword,  
He comes in dread JEHOVAH's name, your LORD,  
To break your chains, to publish Law abroad,  
And lead your feet to tread the promised land of GOD.

What prince from Egypt's court and guilty throne,  
Where once for varied lore, he peerless shone,  
Bears for the mace and Tyrian robe, he wore,  
The crook and russet garb, his shoulders o'er?  
Lo! where his fleecy charge he meekly tends,  
A seraph messenger from Heaven descends;  
Celestial glory, with its burning blaze,  
The present majesty of GOD displays;  
And as he bows him down at Horeb's base,  
With foot unsandalled, and with veiled face,  
The GOD, whose ear had heard the groans and cries  
Of Israel's race, bids their deliverer rise,  
Proclaims him to the court, whence he was driven,  
The accredited ambassador of Heaven;  
And in his hands puts for the herald's rod  
The dread caduceus of the living GOD.

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The monarch sat upon his throne  
Of gold and flashing gem ;  
And fierce his eye of terror shone  
Beneath his diadem ;  
And hosts stood by, in deeds of death  
To do the bidding of his breath.

Each soldier seized his ataghan,  
As through the marbled hall  
And palace, of an aged man  
Sounded the loud footfall,  
With solemn brow, and beard of snow  
Upon his bosom sweeping low.

Like waves before a gallant prow,  
Before the man of God,  
Parted that host with pallid brow,  
As with uplifted rod,  
He stood erect—with unbowed knee—  
“Fear God, oh king ! set Israel free.”

Then every stream and river-flood  
That hurried by its shore,  
Rolled on, in heaving waves of blood.  
The purple tide of gore ;  
And fount and standing pool were red.  
The sepulchre of putrid dead.

In rain and hail, while lightnings blazed,  
The tempest stooped from heaven ;  
Then upward as his staff he raised,  
The storm was backward driven ;  
Stern was the monarch as before,  
Then burst the clouds with deafening roar.

O'er earth, with desolating sway,  
The wild tornado went ;  
While palaces in ruins lay—  
With dome and battlement ;  
And navies from the storm-tossed tide,  
Lay stranded by the river side.

Still onward swept the maddening gale—  
O'er vale and mountain's crown ;  
And still the rain and driving hail  
Poured their artillery down ;  
And fruit and trees and prostrate grain,  
Like slaughtered heroes, strewed the plain.

Yet harder waxed the monarch's heart  
Against the King of kings ;  
Then through the land in every part  
Was heard the hum of wings—  
The locust swarm were gathered there,  
Darkening the earth and summer air.

On every shrub and flow'ret seize,  
The ministers of wrath ;  
And fruit and leaf that gem the trees.  
Vanish before their path,  
Till not a stalk or blade of green  
Through all the wasted bounds is seen.

Up to the sky was raised that rod  
Which called its judgments down—  
Heaven shuddered at an angry God,  
And blackened at his frown ;  
And darkness o'er the regions fell,  
Rayless, and thick, and palpable.

The earth and sky, that awful dun  
Enwrapped in funeral fold,  
Spread sackcloth o'er the radiant sun,  
And moon-beams' paly gold ;  
And veiled from the affrighted sight  
The many twinkling eyes of night.

The plagues of God o'er every flood  
Had passed, and every shore ;  
And every valley, mount and wood,  
Their awful record bore :  
But sign and judgment were in vain—  
Still Israel wore the bondman's chain.

Then burst on *man's* devoted head  
The vengeance of his ire ;  
And o'er the bier of first-born dead,  
Bent each Egyptian sire ;  
And on the solemn midnight gale  
Was borne the mother's plaintive wail.

Through all the land the corses lie,  
In palace and in cell ;  
And groans rose like the night-wind's sigh,  
The tears like night-dews fell ;  
And Pharaoh groaned, in agony,  
“Let Israel go ! The captive free.”

’Tis midnight. With girt loins and sandalled feet.  
The unleavened bread and Paschal lamb they eat,  
Of sin's deliverance an illustrious sign,  
In after ages, by the Lamb divine ;  
And while the angel missioned by the **Lord**,  
Through all the borders bore the fiery sword,  
And smote the first-born of Egyptia's host,  
He spared the lintel and the blood-besprinkled post.

Night rent her veil o'er Egypt, and the dawn,  
With rosy cheek and kindling blush, came on ;  
The sun in splendor up the orient rolled,  
And lit each cloud with crimson and with gold :  
First on the pyramids, the sunbeams played,  
Then burst on obelisk, dome, and colonnade

And plain, till Egypt and the dusky Nile  
Were blushing 'neath his bright, benignant smile.

Oh fairest that e'er dawned amid their foes  
That sun of Freedom to the bondmen rose;  
Hark! pouring forth from city, vale and wood,  
The mingled murmurs of the multitude!  
Lo! bright-eyed youth, and dim-eyed age is there—  
Men, maids, and mothers with their infant care—  
With girded loins and sandalled feet, to go  
Far from th' oppressor's scourge, and bondman's woe;  
And far and wide, the immeasurable train  
Of men and herds sweeps o'er the darkened plain,  
Onward, still onward, as the man of God  
Sways o'er the hosts his consecrated rod;  
Till resting far 'twixt Migdol and the shore,  
Their weary van the cloudy pillar hovers o'er.

The sun is sinking in the purple west;  
Upon the strand the weary travellers rest,  
Lulled by the music of the waters' swell,  
And dreamy tinkling of the camel's bell;  
When far upon the horizon's distant verge,  
In sandy billows heaves the desert surge;  
And richer than the golden sunset's dye,  
Broad banners float along the evening sky;  
And flash the bossy buckler, and the lance,  
Where the firm ranks of Pharaoh's foot advance;

And on each wing the fiery gleam succeeds  
Of helmed chivalry on champing steeds;  
While as their broad scythes glisten, comes the roar  
Of brazen chariots thundering to the shore.

Where now their aid? Before them rolls the flood;  
Behind are circling hosts that thirst for blood;  
But lo! as hope and prayer seem all in vain,  
The cloudy pillar moves across the main;  
Before their leader's wand, e'en like a scroll,  
On either side the parted waters roll;  
And to the eye the secret caves disclose,  
Where jewels glisten, and where coral glows;  
And Israel's hosts on ocean's pavement tread  
With faltering steps, while surges threaten o'er their head.

The cloudy pillar, reddening into light,  
Blazed in their van through that eventful night,  
As on they pressed till midway o'er the flood,  
Betwixt the hosts that fearful portent stood—  
O'er Israel's pathway cast a rosy smile,  
And clouds and darkness o'er their foes, the while.  
That gloom was rayless, till a sudden light  
From that dread image, burst upon their sight;  
And with the lurid lightning-fires of heaven  
Their brazen chariots were asunder riven;  
Then as the fear-struck myriads sought the shore,  
The fearful wand was stretched the waters o'er;



Again with maddening sweep the waters close  
Above the heads of Israel's vengeful foes—  
Peals one heaven-rending wail—the ocean wave  
Rolls its broad surge above a nation's grave;  
And sounding timbrel, and uplifted voice,  
Bid freedom's anthem swell, till sea and plain rejoice.

Still Heaven's right hand the tribes of Israel leads,  
Revives the thirsty, and the hungry feeds;  
Calls from the flinty rock the gurgling rain,  
And sheds the manna o'er the desert plain;  
Protects them from the toils of hidden death,  
The scorpion's venom, and the simoom's breath;  
And speeds them, where on Amalek they pour,  
As Moses lifts his hands, the hurtling arrowy shower.

And now arrived where Sinai rears his head,  
The hosts await, with reverential dread,  
The advent of the ALMIGHTY to proclaim  
His statutes from the cloud-engirdled flame.  
From base to peak around the mountain rolled,  
Thick darkness, like a drapery, wrapped its fold;  
And circling round, upon the desert flung,  
The broad mysterious veil of gloom was hung,  
That hid his presence, who, in awful state,  
Within that HOLY of the HOLIES, sate.

. The mountains trembled, as the thunders pealed,  
And lightning fires OMNIPOTENCE revealed;

And all the summit, like a furnace, glowed  
Beneath the feet of legislative God,  
Where living sapphires for a footstool shone  
Of Heaven's dread MAJESTY on burning throne;  
And as the thunder-peal, and trumpet-blast,  
Within the veil around the mountain cast,  
Waxed long and loud, eternal accents broke  
From the fiery glory and the cloudy smoke;  
And Moses from the quaking mountain bore  
The tablets graved by Heaven with statutes written o'er.

And many were the sacred rites, designed  
By type and symbol to inform the mind;  
And shadow forth, by sacrifice and blood,  
The great atonement of the Son of God.  
For this, the ark was fashioned to contain  
The stony tables, and the heaven-shed grain;  
For this, the cherubim, whose wings a shade  
Threw o'er the golden mercy-seat, were made;  
With many a broidered robe, and priestly vest,  
And covering veil, to hide the HOLY's rest,  
Pointing with symbol sacred and sublime,  
To the great Antitype, far down the stream of time.

In holy chant the Levites circled round;  
And pealed the trump, and clanged the cymbal's sound,  
When hovering o'er his tabernacle reared,  
The dread Shechinah of the LOR D appeared,

And o'er the hosts like a broad mantle rolled,  
Enshrouded ark and altar in its fold.

Yet they, who saw around the path they trod,  
At once, the vengeance and the love of God,  
Rebelled against the power that had sustained ;  
With heathen rites his altar fires profaned,  
Till Heaven grew weary with their sins, and wrath  
Revealed itself in flame around their path.  
The fiery serpents thinned their stricken bands,  
The pestilence, strewed with dead, the desert sands ;  
And God in wrath, consigned the rebel race  
To death and alien graves, far from the land of grace.  
E'en he, whose rod had waved the hosts along,  
From Nebo's summit, poured his dying song ;  
In swan-like notes bade flowery Canaan hail,  
Then bowed his head, and slept in Moab's vale.

As Jacob, on the mount of Vision placed,  
The varied fortunes of the Patriarchs traced,  
And struck with dying hand the echoing lyre—  
Whose heavenly chords seemed touched with living fire ;  
So Moses, from the top of Pisgah, viewed  
The tribes' fair homes—the mystic strain renewed ;  
And sung their future glories, as they rose  
Upborne by heaven, triumphant o'er their foes.  
Thus on mount Olivet did Jesus pour  
His mournful strains before his parting hour ;

Thus on the winds his melting sorrows shed,  
While night's cold dews bedrenched his dying head,  
And blessed, while tears his sorrowing eyes bedim,  
The twelve Apostles who had followed him.

A holier people, from the desert shade,  
Who reared amid the miracles displayed,  
Nor Egypt's gods nor Egypt's bondage knew,  
With vigorous heart and step, their way pursue ;  
And where before the ark, the waves retreat,  
Through parted Jordan march, with unsoiled feet ;  
And place the votive stones on Canaan's sod,  
Landmarks of Israel's grant made by the living God.

Led by the chief, with valorous arm to wield  
The beamy faulchion in the battle-field,  
The serried ranks before their banners spread,  
On hostile nations, wild dismay and dread :  
Heard ye the cry, that thrilled the ear of morn,  
As rang the trump, and pealed the wreathed horn,  
Where Jericho's tall towers and frowning wall,  
Before the ark, heave to their base and fall ?  
Saw ye, where stayed by mortal voice, the sun  
His fiery chariot curbed o'er Ajalon ;  
And where the lingering moon stood cold and pale,  
Above the fight in Gibeon's crimson vale ;  
As streams of blood in smoking currents ran,  
And like a forest strewed, lay chariot, horse and man ?

Still on the breeze is spread the gonfalon,  
Where victory calls the hosts of Israel on ;  
The heathen tribes before them fade away,  
As shadows flee before the light of day,  
'Till the whole land is subject, and is given  
In portions to the tribes, as fiefs of Heaven.  
Then sheathed the sword—the trump's wild clangors cease,  
War smooths his brow, to welcome dove-eyed Peace ;  
The weary tribes with jubilee are blest,  
The wandering ark of God in Shiloh finds a rest.

Such calm succeeds, when grace, with strong control,  
Restrains the sin-bred feelings of the soul ;  
When giant passions are subdued ; and vain  
Desires are subject 'neath Religion's reign.  
And such the rest beyond the bounds of time,  
Which greets the soul in that celestial clime,  
Where life's pure waters lave the golden shore ;  
When the world's strife, and passion's war are o'er,  
And sin doth wound, and sorrow stain no more.

Where dwelt their sires, by grove and shady rock,  
They pitch the tent, and rear the fleecy flock ;  
Where still their fountains flashed in the sunshine,  
The olive plant and train the creeping vine ;  
And where from idol mounts the incense rolled  
From heathen hands to gods of brass and gold,  
They bow the knee, JEHOVAH God invoke,

Whose arm of power had Canaan's fury broke ;  
And roll from altar pyres to heaven the wreathed smoke.

The Elders sleep, and in the lapse of time,  
Their children court Idolatry and Crime ;  
And scourged of heaven, in heathen bondage grown,  
Till with repentant tears their God they own ;  
And rising in his might, their foes overwhelm,  
And strew the fields with shattered lance, and cloven helm.

'Twas He sustained where Cushan's legions fled,  
Where Othniel triumphed, and where Moab bled ;  
Sustained where Barak, on the scything car  
Of Canaan, poured the iron storm of war ;  
Led on where Gideon's lamps shed pale affright,  
And Jephthah's sword was crimsoned in the fight ;  
And nerved against the chiefs in coated mail,  
The heart of Judith, and the arm of Jael.

Not so, when crimes o'er priest and people reign ;  
And they who serve the altar-fires, profane.  
In vain from Shiloh brought, with trump and horn  
The ark of God before their van is borne ;  
No fiery terror lightens as it goes,  
No thunder-blast drives back the advancing foes ;  
Their marshalled lines sweep onward like a flood.  
The heathen sword is drunk with Israel's blood,  
And slaughtered, fall around their holy care  
The men who guard it, and the priests who bear.

Yet he who left the guilty to their fate,  
His own dread honour still doth vindicate ;  
For when the ark of God, with pompous train.  
Is borne triumphantly to Ashdod's fane,  
Lo ! Dagon, as it moves within the walls,  
With headless trunk and shattered members falls ;  
And God's fierce wrath, in blood and plague-spot burns.  
Until with votive gifts his Covenant returns.

And he whose arm while yet but used to sweep  
The lyre, and stretch the crook above his sheep.  
With simple stone and sling, with well aimed blow.  
Had laid Philistia's giant chieftain low,  
Now spread his empire, and his foes o'erthrown.  
And sure the firm foundations of his throne,  
Felt sacred zeal inspiring all his soul  
As holy measures from his harp-strings roll ;  
And sought upon Moriah's towering crest  
To rear a temple where the ark might rest.

And there with filial love, the pious son,  
Fulfilled the counsels which the sire begun ;  
By magic touch of Tyrian art, the pile  
In silence rose—with court and pillared aisle—  
Then trump, and harp, and cymbal's clang ing sound :  
And psaltery, broke the stillness so profound,  
Priests bore the ark of God, with holy hymn.  
To rest beneath the golden cherubim ;

And hovering o'er, the heaven-descended cloud  
Of glory veiled a present God within its shroud.

Nor was the shepherd bard—the psalmist king,  
The only master of the tuneful string;  
But other hearts were warmed with holy fire,  
And other hands swept o'er the sacred lyre:  
Daniel, whose voice, the lions' rage could tame;  
He, whose pure lips were touched with living flame;  
Elijah, that above the vaulted blue,  
In burning car, with fiery coursers flew;  
Ezekiel, that by Chebar's banks adored  
The unutterable glory of the **LORD**;  
And that most plaintive of the weeping seers,  
Whose head was waters, and whose eyes were tears.  
When Israel sinned, they raised the warning voice,  
When bowed, they bade her broken heart rejoice:  
And as before their vision were revealed  
The tablets of eternity unsealed,  
They poured the notes of prophecy sublime,  
Whose echoes rolled far down the stream of time.

Nor ceased the strain when, laid their temple low,  
In distant lands they felt the exile's woe;  
Though Salem's daughters on the willows hung,  
By Babel's stream, the harps that pride unstrung,  
The bards of **God** still swept the sounding chords,  
And woke the song in heaven-inspired words;

With eye prophetic saw the lengthened train  
Returning to their ancient homes again,  
Beheld the temple's dome again arise,  
In stately pomp, for prayer and sacrifice ;  
And saw the great High Priest—the Prince of Peace,  
Who by one offering made the sacrifice to cease.

Idolatry had spread, and reared a fane  
On every mountain, and in every plain ;  
In Mithra's honor rolled the incense cloud.  
To every star in heaven the knee was bowed :  
And grovelling tribes, with souls degraded, prayed  
To beasts, and birds, and idols which they made ;  
And horrid sacrifice smoked in the sun,  
Where human blood was poured the altars on.  
In Greece where Genius had upreared her shrine ;  
And Science shed o'er all things grace divine ;  
Though Jove shook heaven, where the red bolt was hurled—  
Neptune the sea—and Phœbus lit the world ;  
Although a naiad held each silver flood :  
A faun, each field ; a dryad, every wood ;  
Among her myriad gods, the God alone  
Who formed earth, sea, and heaven, was all unknown.  
E'en where the OMNIPOTENT had set his name,  
And dwelt between the cherubim in flame ;  
Where once his truth had been displayed abroad,  
Tradition had displaced the word of God :  
Until in all the ceremonial train,  
The rites were idle, and the worship vain.

Amid the gloom of earth-enshrouding night,  
Behold the burst of the long-promised light!  
As o'er Judea's hills the shepherds keep  
Their guardian watch above the slumbering sheep,  
Celestial splendors, from the throne divine,  
Flood the blue vault, and o'er the green vales shine;  
The heavenly host their starry plumes unfold,  
And from rich voices, and from harps of gold  
Heaven's tidings come, which Earth repeats again,  
"Glory to God! peace and good will to men!"  
And as each starry orb grows pale and dim,  
Which brightened, as pealed out that angel hymn,  
O'er Bethlehem's manger shines salvation's star,  
While kings and princes follow from afar,  
Shower at his royal feet their garnered store  
Of gold and incense, and the infant God adore.

In Bethlehem's babe, the promised one behold,  
By typic shades, and holy seers foretold!  
Loved of the FATHER, full of truth and grace,  
With Godhead's rays divergent from his face,  
He comes, the second Adam, to unbind  
The yoke, the First imposed upon the mind;  
And by a perfect righteousness restore  
The ruined law, in Eden broke before.  
Saw ye, where foiled, the serpent Tempter spread  
His ebon wings upon the air, and fled,  
When JESUS broke the subtle toils of hell,  
Spread for that sense by which earth's Father fell?

Heard ye the plaintive prayer—the melting tones—  
The rending sighs—the agonizing groans—  
As in Gethsemane, the Saviour bore  
The sin of Eden in each bleeding pore ?  
While every limb was bathed in bloody sweat,  
And o'er him fell the dewy tears of Olivet.  
See in 'mid air the bleeding victim hangs  
While nail and spear waken their quivering pangs,  
With men around unpitying and unawed,  
While shuddering Nature owns her dying GOD :  
Veiled is the sun, the solid mountains quake,  
The tombs are riven, the sheeted dead awake,  
The temple's veil rent, as in sacrifice  
The all-atonning GOD and Saviour dies.

Now resting in mid Heaven the harvest moon  
Pours on Judea's hills night's silver noon ;  
And golden sheaves shall in to-morrow's sun,  
Wave as the first-fruits of the harvest done ;  
But ere these votive offerings are paid,  
From out the tomb in which the Saviour laid,  
Where heavenly light from angel plumes is shed,  
Behold the first-fruits of the risen dead !  
MESSIAH lives—who lived ere time began—  
The resurrection and the life of man.  
Bursting the cerements of death, he rose  
In majesty triumphant o'er his foes,  
Despoiled Hell's powers—dispelled the clouds of fear  
That wrapped the grave, and broke Death's iron spear ;

And, in the glories of his rising hour,  
An earnest gave of that eternal power  
Which shall re-animate all human mould,  
When Heaven's great bell has o'er creation tolled ;  
And from their sleep in dust, the earth shall pour  
Her thousands, and the sea, her dead restore.

The risen GOD breathed on his followers round,  
To bear his name to earth's remotest bound,  
Then parted from them, to his throne he sped  
Until he come to judge the quick and dead ;  
And Heaven's eternal gates of massive gold  
The King of Glory in their valves infold.

Great antitype, by legal types portrayed,  
Sense of each symbol, substance of each shade !  
The burning altar, and the bleeding beast,  
The smoking censer, and the sprinkling priest,  
All shadowed forth with purely mystic sign  
The future CHRIST—the sacrifice divine ;  
And so each rite within the Gospel's plan,  
Was a memorial of the SON OF MAN,  
Proclaimed, as come, the Saviour promised long,  
By type, by angel's voice, and prophet's song—  
Commemorated all that he had done,  
Redemption perfect, and salvation won.

With souls all sympathy, with one accord  
Assembled, sat the followers of the LORD ;

And in their bosoms each remembered word  
And gracious deed, the founts of feeling stirred ;  
When suddenly the spirit he foretold  
From pave to dome, like a great tempest rolled ;  
And cloven tongues of fire upon them shone  
With rays enkindled at the eternal throne.  
And they went forth, not as from Babel fled  
Earth's sons confounded, and urged on by dread ;  
But strong in confidence, impelled by love,  
To bear abroad the mission from above—  
And spread the glories of MESSIAH's name.  
With hearts all zealous, and with tongues of flame.  
Jerusalem that gazed with tearless eye,  
While palsied earth shook at his dying cry,  
Smit by the almighty power of faith, believed,  
And whom she pierced, her risen GOD received ;  
Samaria owned him, while Gerizzim's fane  
Sent up to Heaven its solemn smoke in vain :  
The star of Bethlehem chased with rosy smile  
The shades of error from the land of Nile ;  
The priests to bear Osiris' ark forbore,  
And finding CHRIST, lost Apis mourned no more.  
Where Superstition had her flag unfurled,  
And Empire stretched her sceptre o'er the world,  
By Tiber's banks, the words of life were heard,  
And Rome imperial felt the spirit's sword.

Though CHRIST, the end of sacrifice is slain,  
Still victims bleed in Salem's ancient fane ;

And while her sons by priestly rage are led,  
The Jewish scourge with Christian blood is red.  
But God himself in judgment soon will come,  
And fiery vengeance scathe her temple dome,  
Each stone and pillar from its base be hurled,  
And priest, and Levite scattered through the world.  
See his precursors! Bickering through the air,  
A threatening comet shakes its fiery hair!  
Above the fated city walls, hangs drawn  
A flaming sword, from set of sun to dawn!  
And though thick clouds invest each orb of night,  
Still through the shades burns its portentous light.

Lo! 'mid the reign of night's involving gloom,  
Wide-streaming splendors all the heavens illume;  
And threatening legions o'er the sky advance  
In firm array, and shake the glittering lance;  
Aerial war-steeds prance, and paw the cloud,  
And meteor chariots rush, and thunder loud.  
Now join the embattled ranks with fell delight,  
And meteor swords flash in the spectral fight,  
Through broken ranks steeds rush, and chariots wheel—  
Beleaguered cities prove the foeman's steel—  
And where the flag of Ruin darkly lowers,  
The castle sinks—its ramparts—and its towers.  
Weep Zion's daughter! thou art left alone!  
List, as the temple doors are open thrown,  
The voice of those who were thy strong defence—  
Thy guardian cherubim, "Let us go hence!"

When furious Faction lit her maddening brand,  
And brethren fell by fratricidal hand ;  
While want and terror, harbingers of doom,  
O'er fated Salem spread their deepening gloom,  
On all her olive hills she saw, dismayed,  
The Roman bands in martial pomp arrayed.  
Then pealed the trumpet's blast—the clarion's strain ;  
And War's red dews ensanguined all the plain ;  
The engines' thunders shook the solid wall,  
Until the rampart tottered to its fall ;  
Through the wide breach, war's tide tumultuous rolled ;  
And, where, between the cherub wings of gold,  
The Almighty Presence sat in glory dread,  
The Eagle's sacrilegious pinions spread :  
Where heaven-sent fires breathed up their savory smoke,  
The heathen brand its voice of fury woke ;  
And where the priests with no rude footsteps trod,  
Breaking the stillness of the indwelling God,  
Within the HOLIEST HOLY, martial foes  
Rushed with their blood-stained feet ; and curses rose.  
Then Judah's sons, as rolled the volumed fire  
Through court and pillared aisle, and golden spire,  
With wild despair, wielded in vain the blade,  
And a last effort for their temple made ;  
The insensate oped their eyes, and shrieked, and died,  
As the wild ruin swept with fiery tide—  
The columns shake—the smouldering walls descend,  
And Aaron's priesthood, and their service, end.

Still Persecution lights her demon fire,  
Where heathen priests are moved with jealous ire ;  
But see ! in flame descending from on high,  
A Cross illumines the meridian sky,  
In splendor brighter than the noon-day sun,  
Before the hosts of Rome's imperial son ;  
And soon above its folds that glorious sign  
Shall wave, the Oriflamme of Constantine.  
The temples fall ; and the Penates mourn  
The broken censer, and forgotten urn.  
The pale-eyed Vestal bends no more, and prays  
Where the Eternal fire sends up its blaze :  
No more in Cnydian bower or Cyprian grove,  
The golden censers flame with gifts to Love ;  
Cybele hears no more the cymbal's sound  
The Lares shiver the frigid hearth-stone round ;  
But o'er the fireless shrines, and godless fanes,  
In power supreme the **Lord JEHOVAH** reigns.

When in the Church was quenched the lamp of light,  
Medina's prophet shed disastrous night ;  
From all her wastes the fiery desert poured  
The hosts that bore the Koran and the sword.  
The crescent rose where waved the scimetar,  
And sunk the cross amid the storm of war ;  
And where the tapering Christian spire was set,  
Gleams pale and cold the Moslem minaret,  
And where the pealing bell once shook the walls,  
The Muezzin now "Illah il Allah!" calls.

The sword no more extends the Koran's reign!  
The Turkish moon is hastening to its wane;  
And soon shall minaret and swelling dome,  
Fall like the fanes of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.  
No more with harp and sistrum music calls  
To wanton rites within Astarte's halls;  
Serapis now is gone—Anubis fled—  
And Neitha's unraised veil shrouds Isis' prostrate head.

No more the Augur stands in snowy shroud,  
To watch each flitting wing and rolling cloud;  
Nor Superstition in dim twilight weaves  
Her wizzard song among Dodona's leaves;  
Phœbus is dumb; and votaries crowd no more  
The Delphian mountain, and the Delian shore;  
And lone and still the Lybian Ammon stands,  
His utterance stifled by the desert sands;  
And shattered shrine and altar lie o'erthrown,  
Inscriptionless, save where Oblivion lone  
Has dimly traced his name upon the mouldering stone.

O'er other lands has dawned immortal day,  
And Superstition's clouds have rolled away;  
O'er Gallia's mounts, and on Iona's shore,  
The Runic altars roll their smoke no more;  
Fled is the Druid from the ancient oak—  
His harp is mute—his magic circle broke;  
And Desolation mopes in Odin's cells,  
Where spirit-voices called to join the feast of shells

O'er Indian plains and ocean-girdled isles,  
With brow of beauty, Truth serenely smiles,  
The nations bow as light is shed abroad,  
And break their idols for the living God ;  
Quenched are the pyres as shines salvation's star,  
Grim Juggernaut is trembling on his car,  
And cries less frequent come from Ganges' waves,  
As infant forms sink in untimely graves.  
Where heathen prayers flamed by the cocoa-tree,  
They supplicate the Christians' Deity ;  
And chant in living aisles, the vesper hymn,  
Where giant god-trees rear their temples dim.

Still speed thy truth ! still wave thy spirit sword !  
Till every land acknowledge THEE, the Lord ;  
And the broad banner of the cross, unfurled,  
In triumph wave above a subject world.  
And here, Oh God ! where feuds thy church divide—  
The sectary's rancor, and the bigot's pride—  
Melt every heart—till all our breasts enshrine  
One faith, one hope, one love, one zeal divine ;  
And with one voice, adoring nations call  
Upon the Father and the God of all.

Thus light and truth shall lead thy empire on,  
'Till in full blaze bursts the millenial dawn ;  
Then trumpet blasts, the serried hosts, no more,  
Shall call where Battle stains the field with gore ;

But Peace shall spread her circling arms abroad,  
And quiet reign on all the mount of God ;  
The ox, and spotted leopard, graze the plain ;  
The sportive children toss the lion's mane ;  
And joyful nations in the shade recline ;  
Beneath the olive, and the mantling vine ;  
A holy church, with endless Sabbath blest,  
Fair type and pledge of future heavenly rest.

Lo ! now descending, where the heavens are bowed ;  
A mighty angel, girdled with a cloud !  
A rainbow gleams, his circled brows upon,  
His feet are flame—his face a fiery sun ;  
And as the seven-fold thunders cease to roll,  
With threatening hand, he lifts to heaven his scroll.  
His footsteps planted on the sea and shore,  
And swears with awful voice, that time shall be no more.

Through nature peals the sound. Stunned by the blow,  
The dizzy Earth is staggering to and fro ;  
The ocean heaves—eternal mountains rock,  
And shuddering isle and valley feel the shock ;  
From riven Earth and from the ocean caves,  
The shrouded dead are startled from their graves,  
And shrink as o'er their heads, with threatening glare,  
The sphere-flung stars rush blazing through the air ;  
The rocks are melting—withered is the flood,  
The sun is sackcloth and the moon is blood ;

Earth fails apace, and like a shrivelling scroll,  
The scorched and blackened heavens together roll.

Lo ! 'mid this darkness of chaotic night,  
The sudden burst of Heaven's all-glorious light !  
Hark 'mid the din throughout creation's bounds,  
The sudden burst of Heaven's melodious sounds !  
Behold ! where trump and wreathed horn are blown,  
The winged seraphs bear the great white throne ;  
And where the eternal gonfalon unrolled,  
Sheds golden lustre from each waving fold,  
The guardian cherubim, in glittering line,  
With fiery swords and blazing helmets shine ;  
And far and wide the myriad angel train  
Wave their white plumes o'er the celestial plain.

The Judge is seated. Hill and mountain flee  
Before the presence of the DEITY ;  
Upborne by winged winds, in robes of snow,  
The saints appear, who formed the church below,  
To serve him in that temple, where no night  
Obscures the day, but God himself is light ;  
Where ruby pave, and walls of sapphire, burn,  
And gates of pearl on golden hinges turn ;  
Adoring hosts in concord sweep the string  
Of heavenly harps, and alleluias sing ;  
Then soar above, while Earth's last flames are curled,  
And Chaos' curtain falls above a smouldering world.

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Notes.

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## N O T E S .

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### NOTE 1. PAGE IX. LINE 15.

And ruin through all Nature's pulses ran.

It is to be presumed that the elements, together with the earth, were cursed immediately after man's transgression. The changes effected in these, would necessarily create physical changes in the nature of animals, and induce decay and death.

### NOTE 2. PAGE XII. LINE 22.

The glorious Shechinah he displayed.

The Cherubim at Eden I suppose to be the same as those of the future temple, and the "flaming sword," mentioned in connection with the Cherubim, may be rendered a "fire infolding itself," as in Ezekiel i, 4; it is to be presumed that it was the same as the visible presence of the Deity between the Cherubim at Jerusalem.

### NOTE 3. PAGE XIII. LINE 22.

And there with victims, annual altars burned.

It is most probable that the great day of the annual atonement was that on which Adam fell.

## NOTE 4. PAGE XIV. LINE 21.

Jealous to see the younger was preferred.

It is plain from Genesis iv, 7, that God announced to Cain the loss of the privileges of the first-born on account of sin. Hence his enmity and the murder of Abel.

## NOTE 5. PAGE XXIX. LINE 20.

His iron mace a foreign despot swayed.

See Shuckford's Connexion.

## NOTE 6. PAGE XLIV. LINE 8.

He whose pure lips were touched with living flame.

Isaiah. There flew one of the Seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, "Lo this hath touched thy lips." Isaiah vi.

## NOTE 7. PAGE XLIV. LINE 14.

Whose head was waters, and whose eyes were tears.

Jeremiah. Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears. Jeremiah ix.

## NOTE 8. PAGE XLVI. LINE 28.

Spread for that sense by which earth's Father fell.

Among the wonders of the plan of redemption, it is not the least remarkable, that the carnal appetite, by which Adam fell, was the first subject of Christ's temptation, and of his triumph; and that a garden, which was the scene of Adam's transgression, should also be the scene of Christ's first great agony.

## NOTE 9. PAGE L. LINE 7.

See his precursors ! Bickering through the air.

For an account of the prodigies mentioned in this paragraph and the succeeding, see Josephus.

## NOTE 10. PAGE LI. LINE 14.

The eagle's sacrilegious pinions spread.

The Roman standard—"the abomination of desolation," as foretold by the prophet Daniel, and our Saviour was planted between the Cherubim.

## NOTE 11. PAGE LII. LINE 4.

A cross illuminates the meridian sky.

For an account of the cross which appeared to Constantine, and caused his conversion, see Eusebius. Constantine demolished the heathen temples and established Christianity.

## NOTE. 12. PAGE LIII. LINE 8.

And Neitha's unraised veil shrouds Isis' prostrate head.

"I am all that is, that was, and that shall be; and no one has ever lifted my veil." Inscription on the temple.

## NOTE 13. PAGE LIV. LINE 9.

Where heathen prayers flamed by the cocoa-tree.

In India, prayers are written and burned as incense before their gods.

## NOTE 14. PAGE LIV. LINE 12.

Where giant god-trees rear their temples dim.

The INDICUS FICUS, or Banyan, is often used by the natives as a temple; and is, therefore, called the god-tree.



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